Central Park's Easter Flower Show

Treat To-day for the Public in the Big Greenhouses—The Burst of Bloom the Result of Much Hard Work

On Easter Sunday, as well as the two days preceding, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, the city makes special efforts to provide a memorable display of flowers and foliage in the big greenhouses near the entrance of the Park at 102d street. Few of the many thousands who visit them at this time have any idea of the amount of care and thought expended on the display.

Never has a season passed when greater care has been taken to make the flower show worth seeing than this year. But the gardeners will tell you rather dolefully that there is one serious lack—the opportunity to do original work of the kind that has made Luther Burbank famous. On the other hand there are certain compensations, if you like to view them in that light. Thus a foreman draws toward him the full white disk of a great marguerite.

"See," and he points to the double flare of petals. "This is one of the latest additions and is already very popular. It is called the Queen Alexandra."

"No," and he answers the look of relief with one of the same variety. "There isn't absolutely a flower in the whole lot of greenhouses named after Alice Roosevelt. Personally, I don't know how the omission happened. But there is plenty of time yet—plenty of time."

Of course a great feature of the display are the Easter lilies. It required skill and watchfulness to bring the blooms to their greatest beauty at the right time. The temperature of the place was kept moderately warm, hardly more so than the air outside.

All through the greenhouses and outside evidence is to be seen of the importance of keeping certain plants back and forcing others. Heavy mattresses cover some of the beds completely to keep out the rays of the sun, while in other places the sashes are kept closed so as to increase the supply of heat.

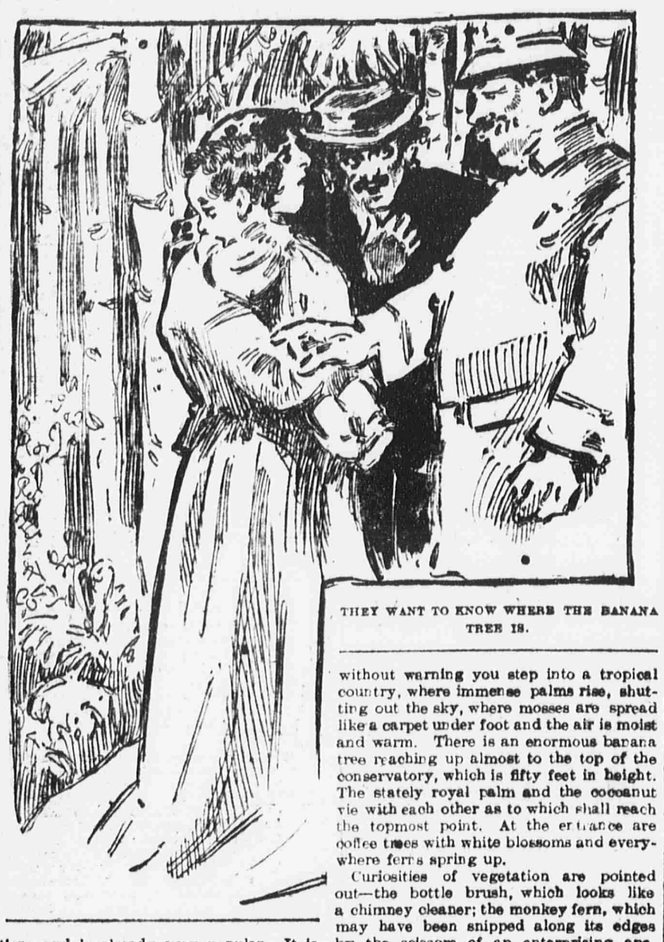
The genestas, which finally flower in great masses of yellow bloom, make a golden freize along the walls, and below them acacias are starred with the cyclamens of many colors. Here and there a great red eye peers out—that of the amaryllis.

Every once in a while the chirp of a sparrow wilfully imprisoned by its own cleverness in the greenhouse is heard and the gardener shakes his head dolefully.

"The pesky things will get in in spite of us, build their nests and break off the leaves and flowers," he says.

But all the visitors cannot share that point of view, for amid the flowers birds seem appropriate.

Then suddenly a door is opened and without warning you step into a tropical country, where immense palms rise, shutting out the sky, where mosses are spread like a carpet under foot and the air is moist and warm. There is an enormous banana tree reaching up almost to the top of the conservatory, which is fifty feet in height. The stately royal palm and the cocoanut vie with each other as to which shall reach the topmost point. At the entrance are coffee trees with white blossoms and everywhere ferns spring up.



THEY WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE BANANA TREE IS.

Curiosities of vegetation are pointed out—the bottle brush, which looks like a chimney cleaner; the monkey fern, which may have been snipped along its edges by the scissors of an enterprising ape. There are whole beds of sensitive plants.

"What will the Easter crowds ask to see?" repeats the guide. "I know just as well as if I had heard them. After they look at the lilies and the other Easter blooms—they always go there first—they want to see how things grow that they eat.

"There will be thousands of people that will stare at the bunch of bananas up near the sky, and just as many look at the coffee berries and the date palms. That's what gets the crowd every time. They'll pass by wonderful leaves and all those strange parasites, but they won't forget to ask about the food products."

The orchid house, it is very plain to see, is the centre of attraction to the greenhouse workers.

"I don't believe," says the guide, "that the majority of the Easter crowds realize what it means to have this collection of orchids. The finding of orchids is a profession followed by only a few men on account of its danger and its uncertainty.

"The expense takes them out of the class of those with moderate incomes. Added to this, there is a certain uncanniness about them which prevents their widespread popularity. Many people contend that the sight of an orchid gives them an impression like that received from a reptile. When you consider the strange places where many of them are found it is not to be wondered at.

"For example, I know of one collector who was sent to Central America and spent months looking for a certain variety of orchid. It was discovered finally in an old graveyard where a good many of the French workers on the canal had been buried. It is said that they were actually growing out of the skulls.

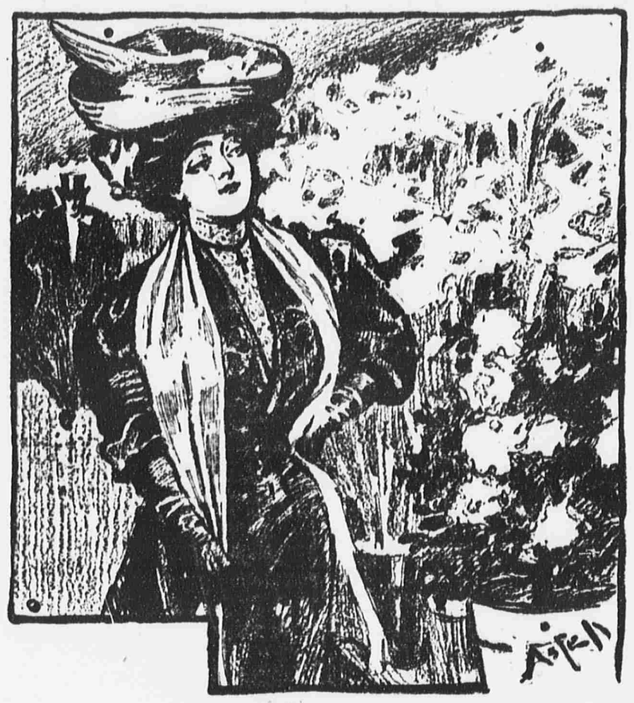
"Naturally the orchids seen in the florists' windows in New York and here in the public greenhouses are the ordinary specimens, comparatively cheap, but beautiful in color and form. The others are only to be owned by collectors."

In answer to a very natural question, the guide hesitates a moment and then says.

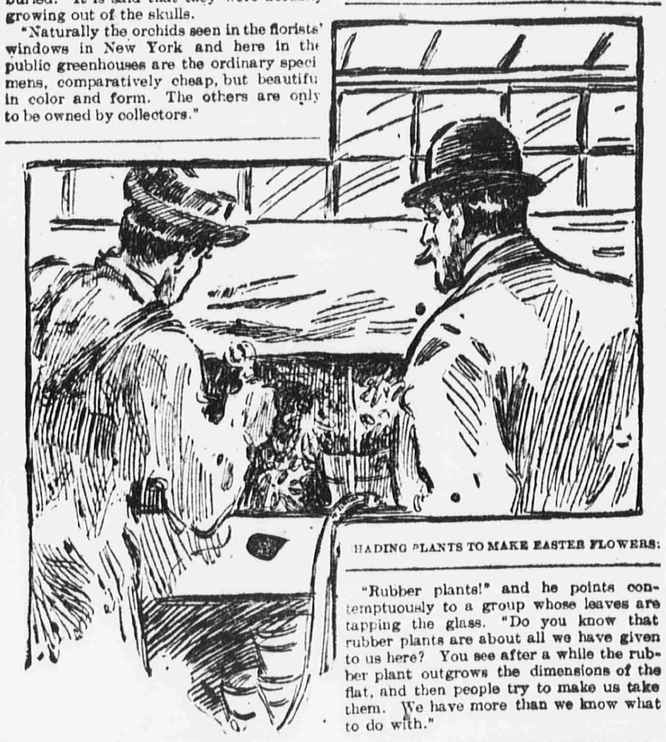
"Living day by day, with every possible variety of flower, as we do here, you want to know which I think is the most beautiful flower in creation, and I say that the choice lies between the orchid and the rose. Looking at it from one point of view, the rose has every quality that is needed for perfection.

"It has the beauty of form and color, it is fragrant and it is generous in its giving. But when you know the orchid, you realize that there is a certain quality there that the rose and all other flowers do not possess—what in a human being might be called fascination—and that has nothing to do with beauty and cannot even be described."

The guide has taken the visitor now to the door of the greenhouse and makes a few farewell remarks.



RAISED IN NEW YORK.



HADING PLANTS TO MAKE EASTER FLOWERS.

"Rubber plants!" and he points contemptuously to a group whose leaves are tapping the glass. "Do you know that rubber plants are about all we have given to us here? You see after a while the rubber plant outgrows the dimensions of the flat, and then people try to make us take them. We have more than we know what to do with."

THE JUNIOR CLERK'S COURTING

Romance of 'Olloway Road Confided to the Office Boy.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

The small office boy, with the infinitesimal nose made temporarily visible by a smudge of ink, desisted from his occupation of cracking Brazil nuts in the copying press and regarded the very junior clerk with grave solicitude.

"I say, Jimmy, what's up?" he asked. "You got a face on you this mornin' like a farden kite. Ain't bin an' lost nothing, 'ave you?"

Jimmy sighed.

"Only my 'art, ole man," he said, sentimentally.

"Come again."

"I'm in love," the other explained, with a blush.

"Takin' anything for it?"

"I was thinkin' o' prussic acid," said the very junior clerk.

"Last time I was in love," mused the office boy, "I thought of a fourpenny buttonhole. But p'r'aps you're wise."

"You!" scornfully. "Why you're only a kid as yet."

"So kids are always tellin' me," was the ready retort.

The very junior clerk started from his posture of lackadaisical indifference to mundane things, and looked exceedingly ferocious.

"If you're goin' to be funny," he said, "I'm afraid I'll 'ave to wollop you."

"Quite right to be afraid," remarked the office boy. Then, as the other reached for a ruler, he added, hastily: "But I do sympertize wi' you; really, ole man. I was merely tryin' to cheer you up. Only you're so 'asty."

"Her name," said Jimmy, somewhat appeased, "is Emma Smith."

"Never mind," said the office boy.

"What d' you mean?"

"I was thinkin', p'r'aps, you might get her to change it. She'd still be Emma, though, of course," he reflected, moodily.

"There's worse names 'n Emma," said the very junior clerk.

"I've been called worse myself," the office boy admitted, frankly.

"We met," quoth the lovelorn one, dramatically, "in the 'Olloway road. I'd got the fair pip. Hadn't the faintest idea 'ow I was goin' to spend my evenin'—'avin' nothing else to spend."

"Friday, I s'pose?"

"'Ow did you guess?"

"Friday's such an unlucky day—for those who happen to be paid weekly."

"Still, I remember times," said the very junior clerk, "when I've had as much as a tanner on a Friday before now."

"I've 'ad as little as sixpence myself," said the office boy.

"Well, as I say, I was moochin' about in the 'Olloway road, with a cigarette in my mouth that I didn't like to light, because it was my last, when I saw her sauntering along just in front o' me. I liked the look of her at once, though mind you I 'adn't seen her face and for all I knew she might have been quite plain and as old as old."

"'Ow old is that?" asked the office boy.

"Twenty, say."

"Women ain't really old at 20, though," objected the office boy. "Why, I've known some 23, or 24 even, as reckoned theirselves quite young."

"She," said the very junior clerk, "was just the sensible age."

"When?"

"I mean she's just the sensible age now."

"Never knew they 'ad a sensible age," remarked the office boy, morosely.

"I crossed the road," Jimmy went on, ignoring the gibe, quite properly, "and scooted down the other side o' the way and then crossed over again and came back. That brought us face to face. And the moment I set eyes on her I knew it was all over."

"What! Before it 'ad begun?"

"All over wi' me, fat'ead! She'd—I mean she has—got one o' those faces that grow on a feller."

"Pretty?"

"As a picture."

"Pity one never grew on you. Though I've seen pictures," hurriedly, "that was almost like life, so ugly they were."

"I rose my 'at," said the very junior clerk, "and bowed. She smiled."

"I s'pose it was your thinkin' you'd got a topper on 'stead of a cap made her laugh?"

"I said 'smiled.' An' I did 'ave my topper on, as it happens. I went up to her and said, 'Good evenin', miss.'"

"I must remember them words; they'll be useful."

"She said: 'I don't think I know you, sir.' I said, 'No; that's a pleasure in store.'"

"You didn't say who it was in store for?"

"She understood. She isn't a fool, like you."

"Fools never are like me," said the office boy.

"And then I said, 'May I see you 'ome, miss?' I tell you, she was all in a flutter."

"P'r'aps the poor girl didn't want to go 'ome."

"Oh, you always open the ball like that. You must say something. You can't stand mum like an imbecile."

"Though it has been done," said the office boy.

"An' then, in less than 'alf o' no time," the very junior clerk went on, "there we were, chatting away together like two old friends. Ah, I've never cottoned to a girl as I cottoned to Emma, some'ow. There was another girl with her, by the way."

"There always is."

"She's jolly pretty though," said Jimmy.

"Who is?"

"The other girl."

"Well, after all, what's looks?" said the office boy. "So long as you think your Emma's all right——"

"I don't see what you're drivin' at?"

"You said the other girl was pretty."

"So she is."

"Well, then," rejoined the office boy; "that means Emma ain't."

"It don't mean nothing o' the kind."

"But they can't both be pretty, y' know."

"Why can't they?"

"'Cos they never are."

"I don't see why they shouldn't be."

"They do, ole man. The pretty girl goes wi' the ugly girl 'cos she wants it all her own way—quite naturally. An' the ugly girl goes wi' the pretty girl in case two fellers come along an' then she'll get what's left over."

"Well, both o' these are pretty. They——"

"'Ow d' you know?" superciliously.

"Ain't I got eyes?"

"Only for Emma, ole man, I should 'ope," said the office boy, reprovingly. "But I don't care a bit what you say," he went on. "If both of 'em's good lookin' they're absolutely bound to 'ave a row 'fore long."

"They're quite different styles. Quite different; Emma's fair, while Daisy's dark. But you ought to see Daisy an' judge for yourself."

"I don't think it'd do me any permanent good, some'ow. I don't fancy dark girls much."

"Well, p'r'aps she ain't so very dark. The light wasn't all it might ha' been."

"P'r'aps she ain't so very pretty, either. Was it foggy at all?"

"No. Beautiful night."

"What was the matter wi' the 'lectric light, then?"

"Nothing, as I know of."

"But didn't you tell me the light was bad?"

"It was like this," Jimmy explained. "I was so taken up with Emma, ole man, I 'ardly noticed Daisy."

"You noticed she was pretty, though?"

"Couldn't 'elp noticin' that."

"Sure you ain't been an' froze on to the wrong girl, Jimmy?"

"I know one thing, an' that ain't two," the very junior clerk replied. "You'd like Daisy if you saw her."

"Couldn't very well like her if I didn't. But why do you think so?"

"She's so full of fun. So witty. She made me laugh like billy-oh."

"Well, you make me laugh, sometimes. But 'ow did you get on wi' two? I should ha' felt, myself, like the odd one over, in a dog fight."

"Oh, Daisy left us soon after we met."

"An' when did she say all those witty things that made you laugh so much?"

"'Fore she went."

"Not afterwards?" sneered the office boy. "But I see how it was. Emma said she wouldn't ever meet you again unless you brought another feller for Daisy to nob onto. An' so you're tryin' to rope me in. But I ain't takin' any."

Jimmy flushed darkly.

"You wouldn't ha' been any good, any-'ow," he replied. "She said a young gentleman."

"Wanted a change, I suppose—poor girl."

But before the ruler—in Jimmy's hands—could get in its deadly work an important cough on the stairs announced the return from lunch of the head of the firm.

Why He Knew About the Apples.

From Sturm's Statehood Magazine.

Not long ago a man was about to purchase a barrel of apples at the establishment of a produce dealer. They appeared to be especially fine ones, but an old farmer standing near whispered to him to look in the middle of the barrel. This the would-be purchaser did, to find that with the exception of a layer at each end the apples were small and inferior.

"I'm much obliged," he said, turning to the old farmer.

"I've got some nice ones on my wagon I jest brought it," the old fellow ventured, diffidently.

"I'll take a barrel from you, then," the man said, paying him the price and giving his address for their delivery.

"Say," a bystander asked, as the purchaser walked away, "how did you know those apples in the centre of the barrel were no good?"

A twinkle came into the old codger's eye.

"Oh, that was one of my bar'ls," he said.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST" LEAGUE.

WESTERN MEN WOULD HAVE LESS TOURING OF EUROPE.

An Association to Persuade Easterners, Especially, to Visit American Scenery Before They Go Abroad—Patriotic and Pecuniary Arguments Advanced.

The movement started out West to persuade Easterners to visit the natural wonders of their own country, instead of going to Europe to spend their vacations, is gaining strength, according to reports received from beyond the Mississippi. "See Europe if you will, but see America first," has been adopted as the motto of the "See America First" league, which advances the doctrine that citizens of the United States should visit the Thousand Islands, Niagara, the Rockies, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone and other beauty spots in the United States before they go abroad to do the Rhine, the Alps and the Scottish lakes.

The league declares that its purpose is purely patriotic. One of the arguments it advances is the desirability of retaining in this country the large amount of money spent each year by Americans in European travel. Last year such expenditures are said to have amounted to $200,000,000.

The financial objection to vacations in Europe is, however, represented as incidental. It is a mistake, say the organizers of the league, to permit children to get the idea that all the beauty spots are on the further side of the Atlantic; that their native country has eminence only in commercial and political lines. The children should be taught, they argue, that Nature was as generous in supplying America with fine scenery as in equipping any other country, with the mental capacity to cope with foreigners in the affairs of the world.

Nor is this lesson to be taught to the children alone. That some people in the East believe that the Alleghenies stand near the barrier marking the western limit of civilization, and that beyond Chicago the cowboy and the Indian vie with each other in imperilling the life of the occasional traveller, is a mighty thorn in the flesh of the Westerner. The argument is advanced that Americans generally will be broader and better when they have cultivated a better acquaintance with one another; when the Kansas man forms the habit of paying visits to New York and when the New Englander sees Colorado occasionally.

The league does not contemplate community or specific advertising. That its purpose is not mercenary is shown by the character of the men who are taking an active interest in the work that is proposed. The executive committee is composed of Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, president of the National Educational Association; Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of the University of California; David R. Francis, who was president of the St. Louis world's fair; Irving Howbert of Colorado, Robert L. McCormick of Washington and Fisher Harris of Salt Lake City.

The first conference, held in Salt Lake City in January, was attended by delegates from fifteen States. Those who were present are now organizing subordinate leagues in their home States.

The men behind the movement have no idea that it will be possible to keep people from going to Europe if they want to, nor do they propose to catch the intending tourist by the throat and drag him to the West, but they do propose so to put the thought which lies at the base of the movement before the American people that they will grow to consider it a public, patriotic and, indeed, a selfish duty to see first all they can of their native land before searching out the attractions of foreign countries.

Chances of Living in Modern Battles.

From the Scientific American.

In Homeric days a battle was a conflict of armed mobs. The nearer you got to your assailant the better was your chance of killing or being killed. The bigger the man the better were his chances in the strife. In these piping times of mechanical warfare the situation is reversed. Battles are fought at ranges of a mile or so. The smaller the man the less are his chances of being hit. An ingenious mathematician has figured out that perhaps the casualties on the Japanese side must have been considerable less than those of the Russians in the recent war, if it be assumed that the marksmanship of each was equally good.

The advantage of the Japanese was inversely as the cubes of their height and breadth. The average targets offered by each to the enemy are as the cubes of 1,585 and 1,642, or as 106 to 118, an advantage in favor of the Japanese of about 12 per cent.

Sheep Buried Six Days in Snow Drift.

From the Wyoming Tribune.

Buried alive in snow for at least six days, resurrected and taken to a neighboring ranch and restored to their normal condition, is the history of ten head of valuable bucks belonging to the L U Sheep Company.

The animals were found by searchers for the body of Pete Brotherson, who perished in the recent storm. The sheep were huddled under a sheltering rim rock over which the snow had drifted, completely covering them. The herders who discovered the animals aver they must have been completely buried under several feet of snow for at least six days.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

FREEDOM OF THE MODERN ENGLISH GIRL.

Contrasting Present Customs With Those of Last Century—Passing of the Chaperon—Opportunities for Getting Acquainted—Changes Wrought by Auto.

The literal reader may remark, "Girls cannot choose. It is the man who selects a wife." Girls know better. They can, and they do, make their own choice among the men who are attracted by them. And girls of the well to do classes have probably more frequent opportunities of studying their male acquaintances than any of their predecessors throughout the ages of the world.

In the time of Leech, writes Mrs. Humphry in the London *Daily Chronicle*, the ballroom was almost the only place in which young men and women could improve their knowledge of each other. There followed, in cases of captivated fancy, the formal call, a terrible experience for the would-be suitor, with all the family sitting round, the other sisters all eyes and ears. The picnic of those days occasionally proved useful to two persons who liked to enjoy each other's society in solitude, and when croquet came into fashion it afforded a reason for gatherings. Usually the lovers played so indifferently and became such a nuisance to the other players that they were dismissed from the game, and had no difficulty in finding themselves tête-à-tête.

This poverty of opportunity was often eked out by walks that were "not exactly" prearranged, and it was permitted to a young man, even if he had not yet declared himself, to wait at the church door after morning service on Sunday and carry home his lady's prayer book.

How different it all is now! The careful chaperon finds her occupation gone. The bicycle gave her the first intimation that she was becoming out of date, and the freedom that girls enjoy nowadays has indorsed her *congé*. This freedom is all on the side of wisdom. The girl of to-day may boat, golf, play tennis and croquet, ride, drive, walk, dance and talk as much as she pleases with the young men who have been introduced to her. And it is well that it should be so. How can a choice be made without opportunities for comparison? The more male acquaintances a girl has the wider is her field of choice.

The old fashioned, secluded life in which daughters were kept robbed them of self reliance, of confidence in their own judgment. They knew but few men intimately, and the results were not always happy. How could a man gain any real knowledge of a young woman's real character and disposition when he scarcely ever saw her except in the bosom of her family?

There may be something of the free and easy in the modern intercourse between young people. It is a natural reaction on the part of the young woman, after centuries of restriction and chaperonage. And so it comes that a girl is sometimes heard actually thanking a man for asking her to dance. Her proper attitude should be that of granting a favor. The man, too often, becomes infected by her view of the case, and is rather cavalier in his own manner.

But these are trifling things and will amend themselves. The great thing is that a girl can now look about her and choose for herself. The man of her selection may possibly not respond, but at least she has had the chance of finding out what she does not like. A little word, a look, is sometimes enough to enlighten her as to the character that lies behind the social mask, and to warn her against what would be a fatal mistake. And in the same way she sees men in circumstances that elicit their chivalry, and prove their unselfishness. The drawing room girl of Leech's days had hardly ever such opportunities as these. She did not spend a long hour with her companions waiting for admission to a lock on the Thames, and thereby apply a gauge to the capacity for patience of her male escort. She seldom visited the hunting field and shared the wild exhilaration of the gallop which brings the real man to the surface. Unknown to her was not only the bicycle, but the motor, with its infinite variety of baffling breakdown, its temper trying moods.

"I should never like scolding any one else so well, and that is a point to be thought of in a husband," says Mary Garth, in "Middlemarch." She was right. To marry a man one dare not find fault with would be to invite an uncomfortable fate. The perfect man, if such existed, would be an incompatible companion for a necessarily imperfect woman. Does Zangwill go too far when he says "The love of a good man is an intolerable bore"? He surely means the "unco guid," and to them a girl is seldom attracted.

More to her liking is a cheery, optimistic man, whose sunny good humor is rather suggested than obtruded and does not display itself in constant cackling laughter, a too frequent failing. The morose and morbid man occasionally attracts a bright girl, from pure force of contrast, but let her beware lest her final choice should fall upon him. The days are lead colored in a home where the "master" suffers from a lack of suavity, and morbidity is irreconcilable with good health.

Of the importance of this latter girls seldom think. One cannot expect it of them. She who should set out on a quest for a partner sound in wind and limb would prove herself lamentably lacking in the finer graces of womanhood. And yet the experienced long to warn the daughters that an unhealthy husband means probably long years of sorrow to the wife, anxiety for him and for the delicate children who call him father. Poverty is a small evil as compared with this, and yet poverty is to be shunned. The advice of the merchant to his son on this important point is excellent: "Do not marry for money, but go where money is." "Neither riches nor poverty" is the prayer of the wise. The rich man is usually an idler, and there is no worse enemy to domestic peace than idleness.

Each girl has her own ideal of a possible husband and these ideals vary as much as do girls themselves. To some the standard means merely an abundance of this world's goods. That suffices. The romantic schoolgirl must dress her dream lover in good looks and superlative clothes. And many mature women remain schoolgirls at heart through decades of disillusioning years. One knows not whether to pity or to envy them.

For the girl whose intellect is awake and in development there is a very different standard. She is not likely to choose a life partner merely because he is amusing and dances well; nor even because he is good natured and thinks with her on many points. There must be some depth of thought in him, some force of character, some suggestion of the spiritual as distinct from the material. He is not to be divined in a day, such a man as this, but there is no greater pleasure than that of gradually learning the individuality of a nature that responds to our own, whose ideas are congenial with our own and with whom we find ourselves in such perfect accord of thought and feeling as to justify the old conceit of twin souls sent forth to seek each other in the world. This high ideal is sometimes, but not often, realized. There are girls who, realizing the independent position to which women have attained, remain unmarried rather than decline from their standard of what marriage ought to be.

But, on the other hand, there are thousands of girls who would marry any man rather than endure what they consider the humiliation of spinsterhood.

It is less the girl's fault than that of her environment. The old idea that matrimony is the goal of every woman is gradually disappearing, but it still lingers in many a section of society, and men are accepted for what they can give, not because of what they are.

SOFT DRINKS IN JAMAICA.

Matrimony and Snowballs—A Dash of Rum in Most Things.

Jamaica cafés are popular because of the excellent coffee there served. Seating yourself at a table, says *What to Eat*, you are soon greeted by a tidily attired brown skinned maiden wearing a white apron and a little housemaid cap perched saucily on her well combed glossy hair.

"Morning, lady! Coffee, please?" are her words of greeting.

Tea as served in Jamaica is also excellent, but it is brewed very strong. It shares the honors with the native cocoa as a breakfast beverage, as coffee is not served at that meal save at the American hotel on the island.

Tea is also served at lunch and at 5 o'clock, as the English woman, as well as man, could not exist without this time honored custom, at which daily function the bits of gossip gleaned during the day are discussed. Indeed, it is the custom to serve tea in the banks just before the hour of closing.

"Matrimony" is one of the choicest of Jamaica's native drinks. This "matrimony" is often a much more agreeable affair than is the kind of matrimony known to the States, and will sometimes bear the test of mental endurance much better. It is compounded of the rainbow pulp of the star apple, the ripe banana and the sour orange, with a touch of Jamaica rum.

Nature herself has provided a beverage which needs no mixing and certainly excels the "milk of human kindness." It is the milk in the water cocoanut. It is a food as well as beverage. The cart driven through the streets by the quaint old darky urging along his rebellious steed in the form of a native donkey is an interesting sight.

You will be amazed at the dextrous manner in which the vender takes the unripe coaconut in his hand and deftly cuts a hole in the top, from which you drink the milk. Then you return the nut to the man, and with his machete he cracks it into three pieces and cuts a spoon shaped sliver from one side, from which you eat the white jelly substance scraped from the inside.

These are the unripe cocoanuts. When ripe the jelly hardens into the hard, white substance to which we are accustomed in the United States.

"Snowballs" is another of the native drinks. On hearing the vender's cry we hurry to the gate and "beg you a glass," as is the custom here. The cooling beverage is carried about the streets in a small hand cart covered with a roof, with bottles arranged around the open sides which are filled with flavored syrups, a small quantity of which is poured into a glass filled with shaved ice. In a moment you have the only "snowball" ever seen in this country.

The little cart rejoices in such names as "One Little Jewel," "The Little Pilgrim," &c. which are painted in bright colors on the side. "Come take your snowballs as a contineral [continual] thing all the while," is the cry of the vender, as he lazily pushes his cart along the brick paved streets.

The native kola wine is delicious when poured over cracked ice, and proves a most refreshing drink. Rum and kola is another greatly prized drink of the island, and there is a tradition here that this beverage is a lineal descendant of the ambrosia served the gods and goddesses at their Olympian revels.

Trap for the Saloon Keepers.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Saloon keepers in Frederick, Md., are looking up their records," said Robert Webster of Pittsburg. "The anti-saloon league of that town, has been busy within the last few years and this winter succeeded in having a law passed by the Maryland Legislature which may result in cleaning out all saloons in Frederick county. The real import of the bill was only recently discovered by the saloon men. It provides that saloons must not be located within sixty feet of a church or school. No objection was found with that provision. Another section directs that nine freeholders living in the vicinity of the location where a saloon is to be operated must join in the liquor dealer's petition, who must not have been convicted of any crime or misdemeanor. There's the rub. The league has in the past rounded up a large percentage of the saloon keepers for selling liquor to minors and effected convictions. Under this law these men cannot continue in the business. It is too late to have the law amended, as the court of the county has ruled that the petitions must be filed in the early part of this month."

THE WHITEWASHING CAR.

Device for Freshening Walls of London's Twopenny Tube.

Before quitting its search for ways and means of keeping New York's subway clean and wholesome the operating company might find it worth while to see what practical value there is in a whitewashing car such as is used in the Central London Railway Company's tunnel, better known as the twopenny tube. This car, the motive power of which is electricity, of course, is run through the tube every night after traffic has stopped, or at least dwindled to the minimum point of the day's business. The car, which was designed by the general manager of the company, is equipped with a tank holding many gallons of whitewash and an electric spraying pump.

The car moves along enveloped in a creamy white, clean smelling mist caused by the mixture of lime and water being forced through finely pierced piping against the top and sides of the tube. The mist precipitates on the walls, giving them a fresh coat of whitewash every twenty-four hours.